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A MYSTERY OF MERCY

The Doctrine of Purgatory.

At St. Teresa's Church last Sunday evening Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor preached on the Catholic doctrine of purgatory. Rev. Hugh Lane was present in the chancel and Rev. D. J. Murphy was celebrant of Vespers. Father O'Connor spoke from Apoc. iii., 19: "Such as I love I rebuke and chastise," and he said in part:

Beneath the City of Rome lies another city—the city of the dead. The catacombs, the hiding place of the persecuted Church in the Apostolic age, are also the memorial of its faith. Our adversaries assert that the doctrine of purgatory is an invention of the dark ages of superstition, a device for extorting money from an ignorant and priest-ridden people. But you will see on the walls of the catacombs petitions traced by the hands of martyrs—petitions to pray for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed. Both the doctrine of the intercession of saints and that of prayer for the dead are clearly legible in the inscriptions of the first age of the Christian Church.

SOLUTION OF DIFFICULTIES.

The dispute which nearly rent asunder the Presbyterian Church in

the Andover controversy is settled by the doctrine of purgatory. Earnest men who find no sanction in either revelation or reason for the harsh Calvinistic division of the other world into heaven and hell plead for a term of probation for certain classes of men after death. The ineffable purity and sanctity of God suffer nothing defiled to enter into His presence. Yet, surely, there is a difference in sins. The idle word is not of the same species as red-handed murder. What is to become of the heathen of either Pekin or London to whom Christ has not been preached, who, from analogous circumstances, is ignorant of positive religion? Not even the ecstasy of religious fanaticism dares claim immediate entrance into heaven for all. The Catholic faith teaches a doctrine which satisfies the reason and the heart of man. The fatal error of the Reformation lay in its view of faith as the sole instrument of justification. The fall of man, according to the Reformed doctrines, deprived him not only of supernatural grace, but of all natural goodness, leaving him totally depraved in nature and capable only of an external or forensic justice. The sinner never becomes intrinsically holy or just, but he is reputed so for Christ's sake. Hence, without faith, his salvation is an impossibility. What, then, asked Professor Briggs,

is to become of the heathen who has natural virtue but no faith? Must he be necessarily damned? Has God made no provision for souls after death?

On the other hand the Catholic Church holds that original sin left the natural powers of man weakened indeed, but not destroyed. When God justifies the sinner He blots out sin and infuses a new life of grace which is abiding and real. This life of sanctifying grace is so strong that all the venial or lesser sins cannot extinguish it; so that many a man who to earthly eyes seems a great sinner, ill-tempered, rough-spoken, leading apparently a worldly life, nevertheless lives and dies in the friendship of God and is saved, for his sins and imperfections have not been mortal, that is, grave offenses, proceeding from malice and from cool, deliberate and perfect knowledge. He has not sinned unto death.

NOT WITHOUT HOPE.

The apostle bids us not to sorrow for our dead with a hopeless sorrow. Yet it is difficult to see how this injunction is compatible with a belief in the absolute and irrevocable judgment and disposition of the soul at death. The natural feelings and the dictates of reason shrink from so peremptory a judgment. It is at the root of the erroneous views prevalent on the subject of eternal punishment. The doctrine of purgatory reveals

the shining of the divine mercy through the clouds of death.

An act of perfect contrition or the worthy reception of the sacrament of penance justifies the sinner and restores him to God's friendship. If he dies in the state of grace he is saved, he is preserved from hell. What a comfort to our sorrow for the dead! That sorrow flows tranquilly in the channel of prayer for our departed loved ones. Death does not stop the gracious ministrations of affection for our relations and friends. Our love of the Heavenly Father is deepened by the thought that His mercy follows His prodigal children, even in stripes and prisons. As with Joseph in Egypt, God goes down with them into the pit, and in their chains he abandons them not.

NO SIN WITHOUT PUNISHMENT.

In purgatory God reconciles His justice with His mercy, a proceeding which is in full harmony with the divine attributes, as revealed to us in Scriptures. No truth is plainer than that the world is under a moral government. This implies that it is conducted on the principle of reward and punishment. Neither divine nor human law can exist without a sanction, that is, without a punishment annexed to its violation. Infidelity cannot explain the miseries of our race on any theory which excludes moral evil, which is a fact. The Bible expressly teaches that temporal punishment remains after the guilt of sin has been remitted. David's case is a clear revelation of this principle. The history of Israel, with its mercies and chastisement, is one broad comment on the same truth. The religious consciousness of the human race connects misfortune with sin, and all religions have rights of expiation. There is no warrant for the opinion that God is a being of simple benevolence, too merciful to punish sin. Rather should we rejoice in our tribulations, as a sign that God has pardoned the external punishment due to mortal sin, and that He sends us afflictions as a sign of that pardon. Not without grounds is the old prayer to suffer our purgatory in the present life.

The reverend speaker then quoted

and explained the texts which are adduced in favor of the doctrine. The book of Maccabees, taken simply as history, shows that the ancient Church of God prayed for the dead, a practice continued by the Jews to this day. Our Lord did not reprove this custom, but, according to St. Augustine, He alludes to it on several occasions, particularly in the reference to sins which shall not be forgiven in the world to come. Our adversaries admit the unanimous teaching of the Christian fathers on the subject of purgatory and prayer for the departed. The Greek Church and all the sects that separated from the early Church retain the primitive belief.

THE MYSTERY OF MERCY.

Purgatory is essentially a miracle of the Divine mercy. Although the sense of the Church is that its pains surpass all expression or imagination, yet it is not without its consolations. Chief among these is our ability to help the suffering souls by our prayers and good works. Trent defined that the souls are aided principally by the Mass. The sacrifice is propitiatory, and it infallibly produces its effects from its very nature and institution. Our prayers and indulgences are accepted as works of mercy by the Most High, but nothing can be compared in efficacy with the oblation of the Divine Victim.

"Every one has an opportunity, from the doctrine of purgatory, of fulfilling the law of love, by which, as Christ declares, the last judgment is determined. Our prayer will visit the souls in prison, relieve their hunger and thirst after righteousness, and heal their sickness. We all can give these spiritual alms. Charity prompts us and justice obliges us, if we are conscious, as we well may be, that our own sins or bad example have occasioned the punishment which some soul now suffers in the place of expiation."

—Catholic Standard and Times.

Rivers Bros.

Rivers Bros., 500 Hayes street, have a fine stock of Xmas groceries, wines, cigars, etc.; also pure Beeswax Candles for Candlemas Day. Give them a call and you will be satisfied both as to price and quality.

THE JESUITS' NEW SUPERIOR.

The Recent Appointee Father Frieden,
Late of Missouri.

Rev. John P. Frieden, S.J., late of Florissant, Mo., has been appointed Superior of the Society of Jesus for the California Province, and as such has succeeded the Rev. Henry Imoda, S.J., and Rev. Edw. Allen, S.J., President of St. Ignatius' College. Father Frieden arrived on Thursday night, and took full charge on Saturday.

The new Superior received his appointment last August from the General of the order in Spain, but was unable to leave his duties at the Missouri Seminary until about a week ago. He is one of the most distinguished members of the Jesuit order in the United States, and has filled many important positions. He is about fifty years of age, and a Belgian by birth. He has resided in the United States for many years.

Rev. Joseph Sasia, S.J., the present Provincial of Turin, is the first American Provincial ever appointed in Italy, and was for many years in this city at St. Ignatius' College. He and Father Frieden were classmates at Woodstock, Md.

While Rev. Edward Allen is no longer President of St. Ignatius' College, the active management of it will still be in his hands. Nor will Father Imoda, whose health has not been of the best for many years, leave the city. Under Father Allen's management many important changes have been made in the affairs of St. Ignatius' College. The first was the making of St. Ignatius' College practically a free school, tuition being only charged in the grades where secular teachers are employed.

The music in St. Ignatius' Church has been under Father Allen's direction for several years, and it was he who first introduced and trained the male choir. Much satisfaction was expressed around the church when it was learned that Father Allen would remain.

When you notice a Catholic's faith wavering and faltering, you may instinctively conclude that it is because his morals have already given away. —Pittsburg Catholic.

HOW THE APES FEEL AFTER THE LATE ELECTION.

The Apes are like the men who fell out of the balloon; they were not in it.

If it takes nine tailors to make a man, how many Apes would it take to elect a Taylor? Taylor says he never knew that the people had such a strong *feelin(g)* against him.

Wetmore will have to *wet more* sand and cement to get even on his assessment.

Sawyer tells the Apes "I am sorry I *saw yer*, only for that I might have been elected."

Lane thinks it is a long *lane*, but it always turns against him.

Truman says he thought the men who promised to vote for him were *true men*, but he was mistaken.

Wentworth found that a few people *went* to vote for him, but it was hardly *worth* while.

Chapman thought he was a *man* but judging by the votes he was only a *chap*.

Stearn says it was a *stern* duty, but the people seem to be not *stern* enough for him.

Cord Wetjen thinks the votes that were going to be cast for him must have had a *cord* attached to them.

Aitken is sorry, but he hopes he *ken ait*.

Nicholson may have given away *nickels*, son, but it did him no good.

Munch, the would-be surveyor, surveyed the vote and said he would have to *munch*.

Stone says the people thought it was a pretty hard ticket, too many stones, so they gave it a few hard *Knox*.

Ratto was there to *munch*, but the *cook* with the *stone* were too much for him.

Pierce says his ambition was *pierced*.

Foote says he got it (*the foot*).

Conwell wants it known that he is *not well*.

Henderson thinks it was a *coal(d)* day for him.

King would sooner be a king than School Director.

Elder may be elder of the Apes but he cannot be *elder* of the Street Department.

Worth is *worth* less now than he was before election.

Phillip will have to *fill up* on water.

Phillbrooks thinks that they have *filled brooks*.

The Apes say that "they all have their price," but the lowest *Price* of all may have to go back to San Quentin.

Henry thinks he will have to "hie me to a hennery," this winter.

Quitow wonders why they *quit* so soon voting for their ticket.

Case hears that the Apes have a very poor *case*.

Dille says there was too much *dilly dallying*.

Fleenor thinks that there was neither *flee* nor hide left of the ticket.

Huddleston says he will have to *huddle stones* this winter.

"Major" Sherman is getting desperate and may go to work.

Metropolitan Hall was closed the Sunday after election as the Apes could not raise enough money to pay the rent; some wag put crape on the door and a sign, "Closed on account of the death of the Apes."

Traynor is not a good *trainer* for a political fight.

Hyde thinks the New Charter must have been *hide* bound.

The New Charter was beaten; too much A. P. A. about it.

J. Taylor Rogers will soon be out of the Mayor's office; it has been a regular *mare's* nest for the Apes.

Thistleton, of the dead and rotten *Jolly Giant*, felt so bad that he took a bath. The doctor says that with quiet and treatment he may live. His friends that called vowed they would never be so reckless.

Elder is a sour mashed elderberry; his "expert" days are over.

"Rev." Huddleson may soon have to do some *honest* labor, as the Apes made very little money from the election; it will be something new for him.

Gallagher Bros.

Gallagher Bros., 1811 Devisadero street, are agents for the well known Eckerman & Wills pure Beeswax Candles. Send in your orders now for Candlemas Day.

They have also a large stock of Xmas groceries, pure Olive Oil, etc. Give them a call.

THE CHRISTMAS CRIB.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

O whither going, my little lad,
With steps so light and a face so glad?
The wind is high and cutting the sleet,
And scarce a foot-print shows on the street;
A home of delights you have I know;
Then wherefore facing this driving snow?

"I go," said the red-cheeked little boy,
His face aglow with a thought of joy,
"To a stable dark, and rude, and cold;
Its manger rough, tooth-bitten and old,
Where the patient ox and ass are fed;
To greet on the straw—his only bed—
A babe so fair, and gentle, and sweet,
As no where else in the world you'll meet.

"His mother is there in her mantle of blue,
Entwining him in her arms so true;
And she, as meek as her blessed child,
On me, in her fondest way, has smiled;
While close at their side I always see
An old man, looking kindly on me.
So much I love them, I would not stay
Away from them for a single day;
No; not for all you would give to me
From any bough of a Christmas tree!"
And away, in spite of the wind and sleet,
Flew the red-cheeked boy along the street.

A score of years, when I heard the name
Of one on the shining list of fame,
Whose hand had wrought, with a wondrous charm,
In colors tender as life, and warm,
The tale Saint Luke in his gospel told
In words as precious as grains of gold.
The name was that of the red-cheeked boy
With his springing step and face of joy,
And I knew the crib he loved so well,
As a child, had kept through life its spell
On the fervent heart; God blessed the feet
Which flew that day o'er the trackless street!

Miss Cusack, the "Nun of Kenmare," has re-entered the Catholic Church, truly penitent for the scandal which she caused during several years.

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 CHURCH BULLETIN can be purchased at any
 of the news stands throughout the State,
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 News Co.

The vilest and most blasphemous act which the Orange, or A. P. A., or Know-Nothing bigots yet committed is the desecration of a crucifix which stood in front of the Franciscan church in Montreal. Hear how the Orangemen of that city desecrated it, as related by the True Witness: "The crucifix has become a target for missiles of dirt, stones, filth and decayed vegetables. A petrified fish has been hung on the arm of the cross. Beneath the coward-screening shadow of darkness the sacrilegious work has been carried on, and morning after morning a patient priest washes off the traces of the preceding night's insults from the figure of his Master."

The Scripture tells us that devils, drawn out of men, went into the bodies of the swine; and so it happens that the Northwest American, late organ of the A.P.A., has followed its former master to the stock yards, and now appears as the Hog Raisers' Journal.—Northwest Catholic.

Commenting upon Archbishop Ireland's recent free parochial school letter, the Republic informs the world that in Boston the parochial schools are free to all pupils, the cost of sustaining them being cheerfully borne by the parishes. In some of them the children are even provided with free text-books.

The fellow claiming to be "Lord Darnley Beaufort," who betrayed the confidence of the Trappists of Gethsemane, Ky., was released from

the Bardstown jail a few days ago. About the first thing he did was to apply for admission to the Baptist Church.

THE MOTHERHOOD OF MARY.

Because Mary is the mother of Jesus Christ, she is the mother of each one of us. For is not our Lord "the first-born among many brethren?" Are not all of us "brethren in Jesus Christ," according to the Scriptures? Yes, from the very moment the "Word became flesh and dwelt among us," the Blessed Virgin became the spiritual mother of all Christians till the end of the world.

And then again, this motherhood was confirmed on the cross with the very last words of the dying Christ. For just before the end our Lord said to Mary: "Woman, behold thy son," meaning that St. John was to represent all the faithful who were afterwards to believe in His name—all those who were to be real "sons of God." "All my brethren are thy children, Mary. Love them as thou hast loved me." And from that time all the tenderness, sweetness, and love of the mother of Jesus has been ours. Ours even when we turn our backs on God and refuse to serve Him, for it is her way—as it is the way of our Lord Himself—to be more anxious for the one stray sheep than for the ninety-nine that are safe within the fold; to be more joyous over "one sinner that doth penance than over the ninety-nine just that need not penance." Let us remember this, therefore, when we sin, and run to Mary, as little children run to their mother, knowing that we will always receive a mother's welcome; knowing that we always receive a mother's pardon. It is St. Bernard that says: "Jesus, cannot refuse Mary anything. The Father cannot refuse the Son anything."

It is estimated that 100,000 converts were received into the Church last year in this country. An estimate of how many the Church lost through the mixed marriage, the evil influence of the saloon, and, above all, through scandal, would not be amiss to constitute a comparison and strike a balance.—Pittsburg Catholic.

FOREIGN "BULLS."

Bulls are not always Hibernian. The London Spectator tells of one of these funny expressions recently uttered by the captain of a "boys' brigade"—a popular military organization in a certain English parish. He addressed the corps on the subject of the death of Prince Henry of Battenburg, and in ending his sympathetic remarks chose an appropriate hymn to close the service.

"And now," said he, "let us sing these lines in solemn silence."

The French often get tangled up in speech in the same fatally ludicrous way.

An old French lawyer, writing of an estate he had just bought, added: "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

An English lecturer on chemistry said: "One drop of this poison placed on the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest man," and an English lieutenant said that the Royal Niger Company wished to kill him to prevent him going up the river until next year.

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above I have died."

It was a French priest who, while preaching about the danger of sudden death, said, with great solemnity: "Thus it is with us, dear brethren. We go to bed strong and well and we get up stone dead."

INEBRIATES AND IDIOTS.—Statistics show that fifty to seventy-five per cent of all the crimes committed in the United States are done by persons while under the influence of alcohol. The reason for this is plain. The person committing the crime is anesthetized, his brain is paralyzed, he cannot think or act right. The monomaniac, the dipsomaniac, the idiot, the epileptic, the inebriate and the feeble minded are increasing at a greater ratio than the normal increase of the population, and it is this class of defectives which largely compose the criminal class.—Dr. I. N. Quimby.

MY LESSON.

Only to rest where He puts me,
 Only to do His will;
 Only to be what He made me,
 Though I be nothing still.

Never a look beyond me,
 Out of my little sphere;
 If I could fill another,
 God would not keep me here!

Only to take what He gives me,
 Meek as a little child;
 Questioning naught of the reason,
 Joyful or reconciled.

Only to do what He bids me,
 Patiently, gladly to-day;
 Taking no thought for the morrow,
 Leaning on Him alway.

Only to watch in the working,
 Lest I should miss His smile;
 Only to still earth's voices,
 Listening for His the while.

Only to look to Him ever,
 Only to sit at His feet;
 All that He sayeth to do it;—
 Thus shall my life be complete.

In Defence of the Old Maid.

Bishop Spaulding has no disdain for old maids. He says:

"A man may remain single and become one of the noblest of his kind, and so may a woman. Marriage is first of all for the race; the individual may stand alone and grow to the full measure of strength and worth. The popular contempt for single women who have reached a certain age is but a survival of the contempt for all women which is found among savages and barbarians."

The Bon Marche, in Paris, possesses the largest kitchen in the world. It provides food for 4,000 people. The smallest kettle holds seventy-five quarts, the largest 375. There are fifty frying pans, each of which is capable of cooking 300 cutlets at a time, or frying 220 pounds of potatoes. When omelets are served for breakfast, 7,800 eggs are used. The coffee machine makes 750 quarts of coffee daily. There are sixty cooks and one hundred kitchen boys employed.

IT IS WELL TO KNOW

That a rough, worn kitchen floor should receive a coat of two ounces of glue dissolved in hot, not boiling water, thickened with three pounds of spruce-yellow, two pounds of dry white lead, applied with a paint brush, and when dry receive, with a clean brush, a coat of boiled linseed oil. A floor thus treated can be cleaned with soapy water.

That if flatirons are rubbed over a cloth well sprinkled with kerosene, their liability to scorch is lessened; that if a hot iron is rubbed over paper and beeswax immediately applied, the iron again rubbed over the paper, it will be less likely to stick. That cold starch is improved if there is added to every tablespoonful of starch, half a teaspoonful of borax dissolved in a pint of water. To boiled starch should be added a little butter or kerosene.

That flaws or cracks in wood may be filled before painting with a preparation made by pouring boiling water on a quantity of fine sawdust from the same wood, letting it stand with an occasional stirring ten days, then boil to a paste and squeeze the mass dry, using a strong cloth strainer, and again forming a paste of what remains with glue water. The wood should not be cleaned after using this until it has become quite dry.

That a good liquid for preserving butter is made by adding to every gallon of strong brine a pound of granulated sugar and two ounces of saltpetre. Scald and skim the brine, let it get quite cold, then immerse the butter in it and keep under with a weight.

That sweet cream butter is finer flavored than that made from sour cream, but does not retain the flavor so long.

That saltpetre added to cream makes butter firmer in summer and sweeter in winter.

Washing Oilcloths.

Do not wash oil cloths or linoleum in hot soapsuds. Wash them with tepid water, and wipe with a cloth dampened in equal parts of cold milk and water.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

Sing a song of penitence, a fellow full of rye;
 Four and twenty serpents danced before his eye.
 When his eye was opened he shouted for his life;
 Wasn't he a pretty chump to go before his wife?
 His hat was in the parlor, underneath a chair,
 His boots were in the hallway, his coat was on the stair.
 His trousers in the kitchen, his collar on the shelf;
 But he hadn't any notion where he was at himself.
 When the morn was breaking some one heard him call,
 His head was in the ice-box and—that was best of all.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Catholic Magazine.

No man can be a good Catholic unless he is a good citizen. Good citizens vote for what they believe to be for the best interests of their country. It is not for the best interests of this country to place men in office who would nullify certain provisions of the constitution.—The Church News.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

W. & J. Sloane & Co., 641 to 647 Market street, this city, have the largest and best selected stock of carpets, furniture, lace curtains, sofa pillows, rugs, etc., on the Coast. Upholstery work of all kinds done. We wish to call the attention of the heads of convents, hospitals, schools, etc., also the heads of families to their advertisement and advise them to call at Sloane's when they need anything in their line.

Bric-a-Brac—A reporter, describing a collection of bric-a-brac, says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella."

Miss M. Slattery, Modiste, Room 131, Murphy Building.

THE EAST DOOR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY "M. A. T." IN THE
APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The rain fell for two days, and the third morning there was no break in the leaden sky, no cessation of the dull dropping on the sodden earth. The window-pane was reeking outside from the rain, inside was steamed only in one small round spot, not far above the sash, by little Jed Judkins' breath. Jed was the picture of despair; he stood with all his weight on one leg, his chin propped up in two small brown hands, watching the old cock that stood under the bare lilac bushes, also on one leg. Jed was desperately tired of staying in the house, for it was not the kind of a house that a small boy would like to stay in, and Jed was a small boy.

It was Christmas eve, but Jed never thought of that; Christmas day did not enter into his life, and in the meeting-house to which he went they often sang "When Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," during the haying season. And yet Jed should have known of Christmas day by right of inheritance, for he had received Catholic baptism through his young mother, who had died when he was but a week old. His father had died before his birth and there was no one but his Aunt Ammah to take the baby.

Aunt Ammah had been bitterly aggrieved when her brother had married a Catholic, the more so that her only, well-beloved sister had embraced that faith, and been driven from her home on that account, where her name was never mentioned. With all the anger and grief this caused her burning in her heart, Ammah Judkins felt that it was a drop too much to have a Catholic sister-in-law. Accordingly, when both his parents were dead, Aunt Ammah took her brother's baby, intending that no word of his mother's faith should ever reach his ears. Ignoring his baptism, she named the little fellow Jedediah, after her father, Jed's grandfather, and that it was not a pretty name she did not think a matter of any moment.

Miss Ammah Judkins was an upright, honest New England woman; she did her duty by Jed as she understood it, but she thought feeding him, clothing him, sending him to school in winter, and making him read his Bible on Sunday was the whole of that duty, for what did she, a hard, childless woman, know of what a little boy wanted?

So you see, Jed was never as happy in the house as he was out of it, among the horses, cows and chickens, and by the third day of the rain he was in despair at not being allowed to go out. He pressed his short, freckled nose against the window to see if there was any break in the clouds, but there was none.

He turned and looked at the room; everything seemed dull and cold, even pussy on the braided mat was asleep, and Jed's eyes went back to the dejected cock. He could hear Aunt Ammah stepping about in the kitchen and pantry, energetically opening and shutting doors, and finally he heard her speaking to Amos the "chore man"; then she came toward the sitting-room where Jed was.

"Jed," said Aunt Ammah in her sharp, clear voice, "Jed, I dunno as there's any use in waiting for this storm to stop; it may keep up a week as long's it didn't clear when the moon changed yesterday. Old Mrs. Goodwell's real feeble, and I feel as if I must take those things I made for her yesterday over to-day, or she might not hold out, and they would just be wasted. So I told Amos if he'd harness Speedwell I'd go over to Almoosac in spite of the storm. I calculate it'll take me about all day, for it's a good six mile drive, and Speedwell will make it as much as seven, and I can't come right away, she being so low, and Eliza having her hands more'n full with her and the children. I put the boneset tea on the back of the back of the stove a steepin' for your cold, so you behave yourself, and take it regularly, an' don't stir out doors. You'll find everything on the lower shelf in the pantry where you can reach it; you can have the milk in the brown pitcher, an' the dough-nuts an' apple pie, so you no need to



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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starve; I cut some bread an' buttered it, too. I'll be home to supper. An' don't you get into any mischief," she said as emphatically as she could with a pin in her mouth, while she settled her bonnet strings. "You hear?"

"Yes'm," said Jed meekly.

"Well, good bye," she said, walking away. Aunt Ammah never kissed him, except on rare occasions. "And Jed," she began, turning back from the hall, but stopping hesitatingly, which was strange, for Aunt Ammah rarely hesitated. "No, I'd know as I will either," she said slowly. "I was goin' to tell you something about the east door, but I guess I'd just as well not; little tongues are kinder loose hung." Then she went away.

Now that east door was never used; it had not been opened in Jed's day, so why Aunt Ammah should have spoken of it he could not imagine; it was to him as if there was no door, but now all his latent curiosity was aroused, and prompted by the mystery of the fast closed entrance, his fingers fairly tingled at the thought of the bolt, with the longing to draw it.

"I wonder why she said that about the door," thought Jed as he watched her put her basket into the chaise and step in herself.

"I wonder if I could open it; I never thought of it before. I bet it would stick. I shouldn't wonder if I couldn't move it."

Just then Aunt Ammah gathered up the reins, slapped old Speedwell with them, nodded kindly but crisply to Jed, and creaked away.

The little boy left to himself alone in the big house, turned away from the window to see what he could do to amuse himself. He made a tour of the room; he stood with his small legs apart on the braided mat before the mantelpiece and looked at the large candelabra with prisms hung around, at the London doll, the piece of coral and the match-box—familiar objects which seemed to gather importance from his loneliness. He then wandered to the pantry, took two doughnuts, bit one in a melancholy way, and started up the back stairs to the attic.

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Slowly he toiled up the steep flight and paused at the top to look around. The rain ceased to be an annoyance as its patter on the eaves fell musically on the ear. Across the rafters hung Aunt Ammah's supply of herbs; sage, tansy, sweet marjoram and many others perfumed the warm air. Under the eaves sat covered boxes with faded chintz frills. Jed knew their contents very well. Camphor wood trunks, old tables, chairs, the big, long-unused cradle, a spinning wheel, brass audirons, and many other mute ghosts of times and people gone, were ranged against the walls. Jed walked over to the west side, and sat down under the low window, in a rocking chair with one arm and a halting gait.

His eyes fell on a little trunk as he jolted to and fro. It was a horse-hair trunk, ornamented with brass nails, and the initials R. S. in the same cheerful metal on one end. He had always had great curiosity as to that trunk, but had never dared ask Aunt Ammah about it. He knew that it belonged to his Aunt's sister Rachel, whom no one might mention, so he kept silence in regard to it.

What the trouble was between Aunt Ammah and her sister Jed had never heard, for fearing the taint of his mother's blood might incline the child to Catholicism, the subject of that religion had never been spoken of in his presence, but Jed concluded that whatever the matter was,

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Aunt Rachel, whom he had never seen, was right, and Aunt Ammah wrong; a decision not hard to account for on very natural grounds.

That rainy Christmas eve as Jed sat in the attic, rocking, eating doughnuts, and eyeing his Aunt Rachel's little horse-hair trunk, a temptation entered his active mind, which, between idleness and rainy weather, was in a bad condition to resist it. Could he force the lock of that trunk and find out its contents?

He turned the idea over as he ate the last doughnut; when the final crumb had vanished, he rose and tried the fastening. He found it loose, and with an entire relinquishing of his principles, Jed took an andiron, struck the lock a blow, and it flew open. There lay before his eyes none of the mysterious things he had hoped to see. Some faded gowns and ribbons, an old Bible, a rag doll, some copy books and a packet of letters written to Aunt Ammah by her sister when she was away at school, these and the like were all Jed saw.

He shook out of their folds some of the faded gowns; he tried one on and dusted off an old mirror to see the effect. He took the rag-doll from the trunk and laid it in the big cradle, and began to rock it; a funny figure he made in his young aunt's old gown, which, although much too long, was also too small around.

He read some of the mottoes written in a cramped hand in the copy book; in short he contrived to pass away a pleasant hour. Then he began to tire, to wonder how he could put the things back, and to wish that he had not opened the trunk. It is a remarkable fact that children, large and small, repent wrong-doing when they have to take the consequences or foresee they cannot escape them. However Jed bundled back the forbidden treasures after a fashion and started down stairs again, wishing that his footsteps would not echo so.

He wandered into the pantry, this time to get some pie to fortify his inner boy; he left the bread and butter to fall back on when he could get nothing better. He strolled into the hall, and sat down on the stairs opposite the east door.

Everything was very still; he fancied that he heard footsteps upstairs and some one whispering his name at intervals in the hall.

Jed was so much alone that he was subject to such fancies, but he never disclosed them, as Aunt Ammah would have called him "fidgety."

His eyes were irresistibly drawn to the fastenings of the east door; the bolt seemed to be a magnet attracting his fingers to itself, and especially when he remembered Aunt Ammah's parting words he longed to touch it. "I don't care," he cried aloud, rising and adding to his iniquities by dropping his crumbs on the clean floor, "I don't care; I'm going to try." You will perceive by this time that Jed was not a model boy. He tried to draw back the bolt, but it refused to stir; he went to the kitchen and brought back the poker to pound with. Having hammered with this implement, he braced his feet and prepared for a strong pull, but as though "the witches were in it" the bolt flew back, leaving Jed to sit down on the floor, which he did with some emphasis. When he picked himself up again, anyone could tell with half an eye, by his flushed cheeks and compressed mouth that he meant to conquer that door if he had to pull his arms out of joint. The key turned with difficulty, but turn it did, and nothing now was left to do but to open the door, which Jed prepared himself for finding a hard task. But to his surprise, the door gave way easily, and Jed had done what had not been done for years; he had opened the east door!

If his surprise was great at the ease with which he succeeded, how much greater was it when he saw near the foot of the steps a slight, graceful woman, dressed in deep mourning.

They looked at each other in silence an instant; then Jed said, "Did you want to see my Aunt Ammah?"

"No—that is, is she at home?" asked the stranger in a sweet voice.

"No'm," answered Jed. "She's gone to Almoosac. But you'd better come in; I'm all alone."

The lady smiled at this reason for

her entering, but did so, nevertheless. Jed noticed that she turned into the sitting-room without waiting for him to show her the way.

He followed her, and drew up to the fire the big, high-backed rocking-chair, with broad, flat arms. Then he said, with a droll imitation of Aunt Ammah's speech and manner, "Set right down here by the fire, where you can put your feet on the fender and dry 'em; you must be damp." What was his astonishment when the stranger threw herself into the chair, and exclaiming that "it had not changed at all," broke into a passion of weeping.

Jed gazed on her from his side of the fire in dismay; Aunt Ammah's guests never behaved in this way when pressed to "set by the fire." It did not last long, however; the lady forced back her tears, regained her calm manner and spoke to Jed with a smile that would have shown him, had he been older, that she was well used to self-control.

"I don't think I know who you are," she said. "You have not told me your name."

"Jed Judkins, ma'am, or Jebediah really, but nobody ever calls me that, 'cept Aunt Ammah when she's mad," answered Jed, much relieved to have a chance to talk.

"Jed Judkins?" cried the lady, "are you David's son?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jed, "but my father and mother are dead, an' Aunt Ammah took me to bring up."

"My dear little boy," said the lady tenderly, "come here to me. I should love you for their sakes, and kiss you for dear David."

Jed arose and walked over to her with a wondering face. The words were simple enough, but Jed was not used to such treatment, and when she bent over and kissed his cheek, and smoothed his hair with her soft, firm hand, he felt that he would gladly give her his bird's nest and collection of bugs, or even walk through Jones's Woods at 10 o'clock at night, if it would give her pleasure.

"Now won't you tell me who you are?" said Jed, looking up in her face, which he thought the prettiest he had ever seen.

"Perhaps you will not know, even when I do tell you," said the lady, gently. "I am your aunt, Rachel Albright—Rachel Judkins once.

"Christopher Columbus!" cried Jed, in great excitement; "I want to know."

Then he felt ashamed of so much warmth, and hung his head.

"That ain't swearing, you know," he said, meekly. "You don't think I'm wicked, do you?"

"Wicked! No, dear; you look like a good boy, and I'm sure David and Mary's boy could never be anything else."

This confidence penetrated through Jed's roundabout jacket, and pricked his conscience as Aunt Ammah's scolding never could.

"Oh, no, I ain't," he said, with a desire to be honest. "I opened your trunk to-day, and the east door.

"I don't understand—tell me," said the new aunt.

So Jed began at the beginning, and told her about the door that had never been opened since she went away and had passed out of that door (though that she only knew), about the little trunk, and how no one ever dared mention her name to Aunt Ammah. As she listened, Aunt Ammah had not forgiven or forgotten.

"Jed," she said, "pay attention to what I'm going to tell you. I came here to-day to see the old town, the old place. I did not mean to come in, but I saw the old house looking as though no one were here, so I ventured into the grounds. If you had not opened the door, I should have gone away as I came. I am going now before Ammah comes back. Be sure to tell her how I happened to be here."

She arose, and had gathered her shawl around her, when the sound of wheels was heard on the driveway. Jed rushed to the window in time to see Speedwell stopping at the kitchen door, and Aunt Ammah stepping out of the chaise.

"Mercy on us! Here's Aunt Ammah!" he fairly shouted. "You can't go now, 'thout her seeing you. What'll you do?"

Rachel seized the back of the chair for support.

"I'll stay here. Go tell her how I happened to be here," she said, in a voice low and choked.

Then she motioned Jed to go into the kitchen.

He went with fear and trembling; it took some courage to face Aunt Ammah's wrath. He went up to her with a quaking heart.

"I don't know as I'd have thought of it if you hadn't spoke of it Aunt Ammah," said he, though his lips were so dry that he could scarcely speak. "But I opened it and the trunk, and she was right by the door-step, but I didn't know it, and she didn't either, and she came in, but she didn't mean to, and she was just a-going when you came, but it wouldn't have happened if I hadn't opened it and 'twasn't her fault."

Aunt Ammah stood in dumb amazement at this lucid statement, delivered without stop or comma.

"For the land sakes, Jedediah," she said, "talk like a reasonable creature! I never did think you were any too bright, but this beat's everything. What did you open, and who came in?"

"Aunt Rachel, through the east door," answered Jed.

This was the story in a nutshell. Aunt Ammah turned pale and sat down hastily in a wooden chair, but even under great emotion Aunt Ammah did not forget herself.

"Jedediah," she said, "go straight up to the attic, an' stay till I call you."

So Jed had to go, leaving his aunt sitting there, and without seeing the meeting of the sisters, as he had hoped to.

He listened, but could hear no sound; he stayed there till the dusk had fallen, and he wished he could have brought some of the despised bread and butter with him. The rain had ceased and given place to the drifting mist so common on the New England coast.

At last, when Jed had decided that Aunt Ammah meant him to spend the night there in punishment for his crimes, she called him down.

He came slowly, doubting his reception. What was his surprise and delight to find Aunt Rachel still there, and with her bonnet off, and

to hear Aunt Ammah say:

"Jed, my sister has asked me to let you off easy this time, so I will. But I want you to understand that you are not to meddle with what don't concern you again, and get off with a few hours in the attic. Now, I'm goin' to get supper; Ray, would you rather have quince or crab-apple preserves?"

Jed was nearly petrified with amazement, which changed into delight when his Aunt Rachel drew him into her lap and told him that she was not going away after all, but was coming there to live, and bring her little boy, who would be just the right age to play with Jed. He could hardly believe his ears, yet all this really came to pass, and much more, for Aunt Ammah by degrees left her sister to manage Jed as she chose, and her loving sway made a different place of his little world. And furthermore, in the course of time his Catholic aunt and little cousin brought him back to the faith of his mother and his baptism.

It was a happy Christmas in the old house, both for the sisters whom Jed's curiosity had been the means of reuniting, and for the little boy who then heard for the first time of the beautiful children's feast.

A year later, on Christmas Eve, Jed said, laying his head on his Aunt Rachel's knee—he had learned to be petted, among the other lessons of that eventful year—"The door on the east was my Star in the East, wasn't it, Auntie?"

And she stroked his hair, and said: "I think it was for all of us, Jed dear, as it led us to peace and goodwill."

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SCORCH CAKES (very dainty).—Rub three quarters of a pound of butter with a pound of sifted flour; add one pound of granulated sugar; three well-beaten eggs, and two table-spoonfuls of powdered cinnamon. Roll out thin, cut in large round cakes, and bake in a very quick oven.

LEMON COOKIES.—Beat one cup of butter and three of sugar together, add six eggs beaten separately, one teaspoonful of Price's extract of lemon, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll them, cut in round cakes, and bake in a quick oven. When done, dredge with pink sugar.

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powdered sugar, one-half a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, the whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful of Price's vanilla, with flour enough to make a thin batter, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat hard and drop in small gem tins. Bake in a very hot oven, when cold ice with soft vanilla icing.

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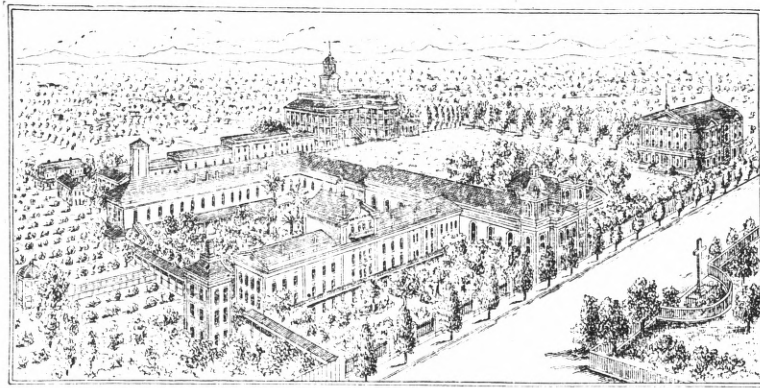
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UNPATRIOTIC BIGOTRY.—The Junior Order of United American Mechanics, at a public celebration, insulted its guest, the Mayor of Baltimore, because ostensibly he had shown equal courtesy to Catholics and other religionists at their public functions. It is evidently the same A. P. A. spirit at work. It seems to control the Mechanics, and as long as it does so, wanton display may be expected of bad manners and of unpatriotic devotion to our standards, among which is that the dignity of the State and its officers must be upheld.—Jewish Exponent.

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A BED-TIME STORY.

"A Story! I will soon be in bed," said Birdie Brown, as her mother promised to tell her a story. So the mother began:

"There was a king who had a little daughter whom he loved very much. He wanted to make her a beautiful and wise princess; so he sent her to a country where she was to pass through many schools and learn lessons that would fit her for her father's home. This kind father did not send his daughter alone. He gave her ten servants to wait upon and care for her.

"Two of these servants were to show her all the beautiful and useful things that she would meet with in her absence, and when she got homesick they were to bid her look up and tell it all to her father, and he would hear and comfort her. Two more were to help the little girl to hear sweet music and sounds that would give her joy and pleasure; and that would tell her about what she saw and bid her always remember her father's love. Two more carried her wherever she went; and poor indeed she would have been without these little servants. Another told her all that she wanted to say to those around her and sang hymns of praise to her father, the king. Two more helped her to do everything that would give happiness to herself and others about her; but the last servant was only seen by her father and herself. When this one did his bidding, then all the other servants were faithful and true, and the little girl herself was happy. This last servant always told its mistress to love her fatherly dearly,

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and not to want to guide the other servants to do what would displease him. Sometimes the princess would say to herself: 'Father is not here, and I will do what I please,' then, in spite of this servant's pleading, she bade him guide the others into forbidden paths, and thus brought upon herself trouble and pain.

"You see that even a little princess, with ten maids to wait upon her, may at times do naughty things.

"At last the loving father gave a command to each one of his daughter's servants, calling them by name as he spoke. The names and commands are these:

'Little eyes, look up to God;
Little ears, hear His word;
Little feet, walk in His ways;
Little mouth, sing His praise;
Little hands, do His will;
Little heart, love Him still.'

"When the little princess heard these commands, she made them into one great message for herself; and when she was tempted to bid her servants do wrong, she would say:

"No, no, I will not; for they are the King's commands. My servants must do as He wills."

"Then her whole soul would be filled with love for her kind Father, and all wicked thoughts would fly away."

"Oh, mamma, I understand your story; I am the little princess and God is my Heavenly Father. He has given me ten little servants to help me to do His will. Mamma, I think my little heart does 'love

Him still.' Isn't it delightful that I am a little princess? I am going to try to remember the King's commands. Will you please teach me them to-morrow?"

"Yes, darling. Now, shut your eyes and go to sleep; for the King likes his little princesses to be up in time in the morning."

"Good night, mamma. I guess I will not grumble any more about servants when I have ten of my own. We are going to be little workers for the King."

"What's that noise?" asked Willie, as the owl began to hoot.

"It's a howl," said his English nurse.

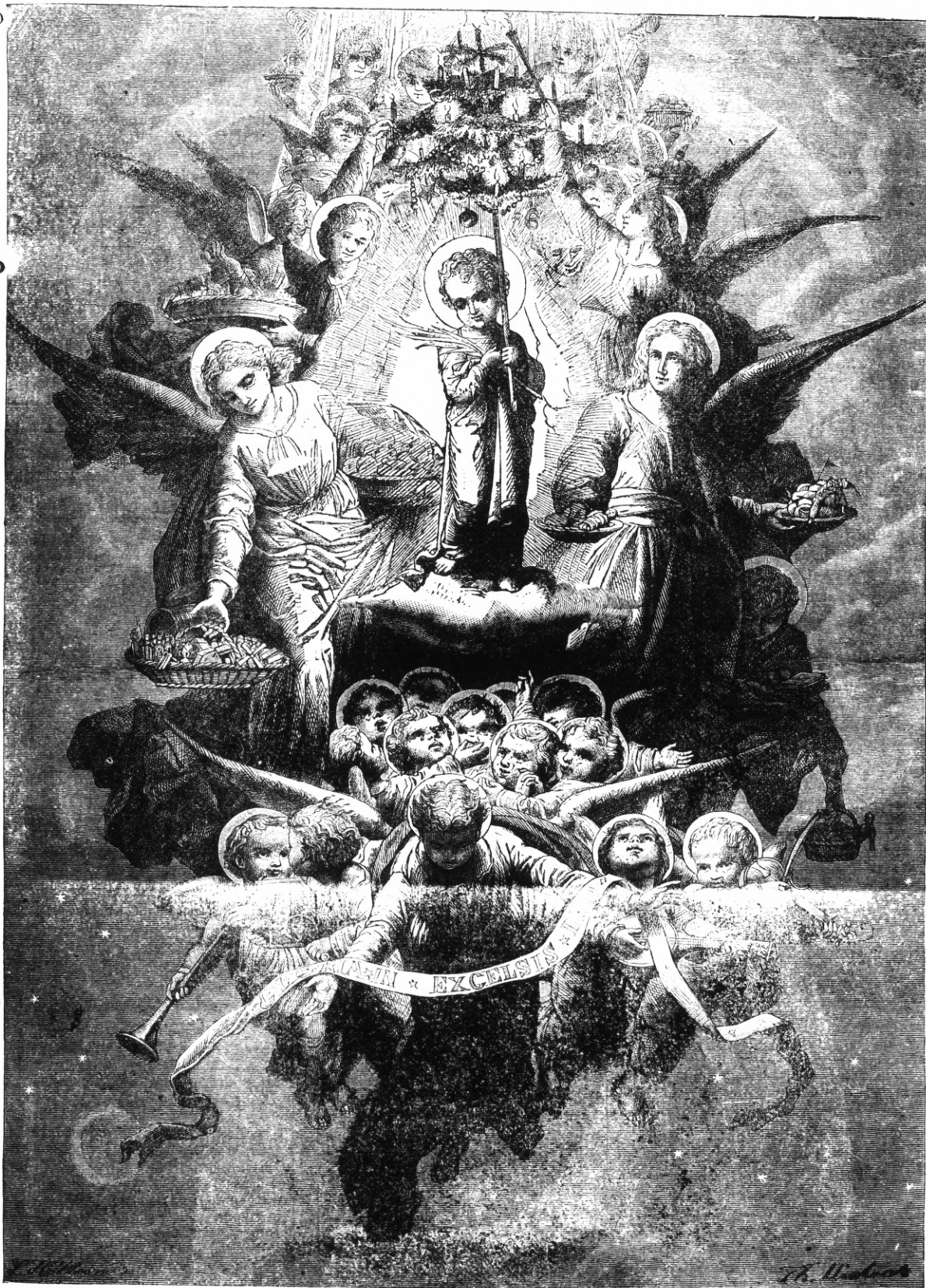
"Poh!" cried Willie. "I know that, but what is it that's howling?"

Mamie—"Papa, what is hereditary?"

Papa—"It is anything you got from your mother or me."

Mamie—"Then, Papa, I suppose spanking is hereditary."

Special Notice.—If any of our wealthy Catholics wish to do good work let them send a limited number of these three books, namely, *The Faith of Our Fathers*, *The Catholic Belief*, *Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared*, to our office, and I will guarantee to place them in the hands of our dissenting brethren. A CONVERT.



CALENDAR.

(Almanac and Calendar of the Apostleship of Prayer.)

DECEMBER, 1896.

1. TuesdayBB. Edmund Campion and Comp. MM. (S. J., 1581)
Virtue of justice
2. Wednesday..St. Bibiana, V. M. (363).
Fortitude
3. ThursdaySt. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies (S. J., 1552).
Pray for the Indies
4. Friday.....FIRST FRIDAY. St. Peter Chrys., Bishop, D., (450).
Despise worldliness
5. SaturdaySt. Sabbas, Ab. (531). BB. Jerome and Companions,
S. J., MM. (1623)
Temperance
6. Sunday.....Second of Advent. St. Nicholas, Bp. (324).
Respect children
7. Monday.....Vigil St. Ambrose, Bp. D. (Milan, 397).
Crush human respect
8. Tuesday.....IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (of precept).
Love of purity
9. Wednesday..St. Leocadia, V. M. (304)
Holy fear
10. Thursday....Holy House of Loretto (1204). St. Melchiades, P. (314).
Love the God-Man
Zeal for the Church
11. FridaySt. Damascus, P. (384).
Love of Mary
12. Saturday.....Our Lady of Guadalupe (Mexico, 1531).
Humility
13. SundayThird of Advent. St. Lucy, V. M. (363).
Pity sinners
14. Monday.....St. Spiridion, Bp. (347).
15. Tuesday.....Octave of Immaculate Conception. St. Christina, V.
(Slave, 200).
Reparation
16. Wednesday..EMBER DAY. St. Eusebius, Bp. M. (370)
Pray for Bishops
17. Thursday....St. Lazarus, Bp. (Raised to life by Christ).
Rise from falls
18. FridayEMBER DAY. Expectation B. V. M.
Hope
19. SaturdayEMBER DAY. St. Nemesion, M. (253).
Love the Eucharist
20. Sunday.....Fourth of Advent. St. Eugene, Priest, M. (362).
Pray for priests
21. Monday.....St. Thomas, Apostle.
Pray for infidels
22. Tuesday.....St. Flavian, M. (362).
Spirit of faith
23. Wednesday..St. Victoria, V. M. (253).
Trust in God
24. Thursday....Vigil. Christmas Eve. SS. Irmine and Adele, VV. (740).
Prepare for Christ
25. FridayChristmas. Nativity of our Lord. (Of precept).
Renewal of spirit
Pray for enemies
26. Saturday....St. Stephen, First Martyr (35)
27. Sunday.....Within Octave of Christmas. St. John (101).
Love the Sacred Heart
Pray for little ones
28. MondayHoly Innocents, MM.
29. Tuesday.....St. Thomas a Becket, Bp. M. (1170).
Zeal for the right
30. Wednesday..St. Sabinus, M. (301).
Generosity
31. Thursday....St. Sylvester, I., P. (335).
Gratitude

EXPLANATION: The number after a Saint's name is for the year A.D. Bold-faced type denotes Holydays of Obligation.

ABBREVIATIONS: Bp.—Bishop; P.—Pope; M.—Martyr; W.—Widow; D.—Doctor.—O. P.—Dominican, O. S. F.—Franciscan; O. C.—Carmelite; Ab.—Abbot or Abbess. V—Virgin; F.—Founder; O.S.D.—Dominican Nun; S.J.—Jesuit; C. P.—Passionist.

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St. Agnes' Church.

Location, Page St. and Masonic Ave.
Rev. Wm. Kirby, Rector. Residence 1224 Haight street.

Mass on week days at 7:30 a. m. Masses on Sundays at 7:30 and 9:30 a. m. Sunday-school after 9:30 Mass. Rosary and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

St. Rose's Church.

Location, Brannan street near Fourth.
Rev. D. F. Nugent, Rector. Masses at 7, 8, 9 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m.

**St. Mary's Cathedral.**

Location, n. w. cor. Van Ness Ave and O'Farrell street. Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, Archbishop; Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, Vicar General; Rev. P. C. Yorke, Chancellor.

Masses on Sundays and Holydays at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m. Masses on week days at 6 and 7 a. m.

St. Mary's Church.

Location, corner California and Dupont streets. The Paulist Fathers. Masses on Sundays and Holy Days at 6:30 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 9 a. m. and 11 a. m. (Low Mass) with sermon. Vespers with sermon at 7:45 p. m. on Sundays. A five-minute sermon is preached at the three early Masses. Sunday-school is held after the 9 o'clock Mass. High or Solemn Mass is sung at 11 a. m. on Great Feasts. On week days Mass is said at 6:30 a. m. and 7 a. m. During Lent Masses are said on week days at 7 a. m. and 8 a. m. On the first Friday of the month Mass is said for the League of the Sacred Heart at 7 a. m. and there is also a devotional service with Benediction at 7:45 p. m. Confessions are heard on Saturdays, the Eves of Holy Days, on Thursdays before the first Friday of the month from 3 p. m. to 6 p. m. and from 7:15 p. m. until 10 p. m., every morning before each Mass, and by request at any time.

St. Anthony's Church.

Location, Army and Shotwell streets. The Franciscan Fathers. Masses on Sundays at 6, 8 and 10 a. m. Week days at 8 a. m. Vespers, 7:30 p. m.

St. Bridget's Church.

Location, Van Ness Ave and Broadway street. Rev. John Cottle, Rector.

Masses on Sundays at 6:30, 8, 8:45, 9:30 and 11 a. m. Vespers, 7:30 p. m., week day Masses, 6, 7 and 7:30 a. m.

St. Dominic's Church.

Location, cor. Bush and Steiener streets. Served by the Dominican Fathers connected with the monastery adjoining the church.

Masses on Sundays at 6, 7, 8, 8:30, 9:30 and 10:30 a. m. Procession of the Rosary Confraternity on the first Sunday of each month. Procession of the Holy Name Confraternity on the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p. m. with sermon and benediction. Sermon and benediction at 7:30 p. m. Masses on week days at 6, 6:30, 7 and 8 a. m.

St. Peter's Church.

Location, westside Alabama bet. 24th and 25th streets. Rev. P. S. Casey, Pastor. Masses in the church at 6, 7, 9, 10:30, a. m. on Sundays. On Holy Days at 6, 7 and 9 a. m. At 9 a. m. in St. Peter's Hall for school children on Sundays. At 9 a. m. in the church on Holy Days for children.

St. Ignatius Church.

Location, n. s. Hayes street near Van Ness a venue. Conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, connected with St. Ignatius' College.

Masses on Sundays and Holydays at 5, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 and 10:30 a. m. Rosary at 7:15 p. m. Vespers, 7:30 p. m. Sermon and Benediction at 8 p. m. Masses on week days at 5, 5:45, 6:30, 7:15 and 8 a. m.; Rosary and other Devotional Exercises at 7:30 p. m. Gentlemen's Sodality

at 7:30 a. m., Father Allen, S. J., Director. Ladies' Sodality at 7:30 o'clock a. m. on 3rd Sunday of month. Father Maraschi, S. J., Director. Boys' Sodality at 8:10 a. m., Mr. Butler, S. J., Director. Confessions heard at all times, in Sodality Chapel, Hayes street, entrance for men and boys.

St. Paul's Church.

Location, 29th and Church streets. Rev. M. D. Connolly, Pastor. Masses on Sundays at 7, 8:30, 9:30 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers, 7:30 p. m. Mass on week days, 7 a. m.

St. Boniface's Church (German).

Location, Golden Gate Avenue bet Jones and Leavenworth streets. Conducted by the Franciscan Fathers.

Masses on Sundays at 6, 7, 8 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers 7:30 p. m. Week days 5:30, 7, 8. Holydays, 5:30, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a. m.

St. Teresa's Church.

Location, Tennessee street, bet. and Solano, Potrero. Rev. P. O'Co Pastor. Masses on Sundays at 7 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m.

Holy Cross Church.

Location, Eddy and Scott streets. Rev. John F. McGinty, Pastor. Masses on Sundays at 7, 8:30, 9:30 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m. Masses on week days at 7:30 a. m.

St. Brendan's Church.

Location, n. e. cor. Fremont and Harrison streets. Rev. Jno. F. Nugent, Rector. Residence, 320 Harrison street.

Masses on Sundays and Holydays at 7:30, 9 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

Yglesia de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe.

Location, n. s. Broadway street, between Mason and Taylor. Rev. A. M. Satandren, Pastor. Residence, 908 Broadway street. Masses on Sundays at 7, 9 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers, 7:30 p. m. Masses on week days at 6 and 7 a. m.

Star of the Sea Church:

Location, n. w. cor. Point Lobos and Eighth avenues. Rev. J. P. Coyle, Rector.

St. Joseph's Church.

Location, corner Tenth and Howard streets. Rev. P. Scanlan, Rector.

Masses on Sundays and Holydays at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10:30 a. m., and at 9 o'clock in the hall for children only. Vespers at 7:30 p. m. Masses on week days at 6:30 and 7:30 a. m. Solemn Requiem Masses at 9. This hour can be changed for special causes. All arrangements for such Masses and for funerals must be made in due time at the parochial residence.

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St. Patrick's Church.

Location, Mission street bet. 3d and 4th. Rev. P. Grey, Rector.

Masses on Sundays and Holydays at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m. Masses on week days at 6:30, 7 and 7:30 a. m. Confessions on Saturdays and eve of festivals from 3 to 6 and 7 to 10 p. m., also on week days after Masses.

Business hours, 9 to 11 a. m.; 2 to 4 and 7 to 8:30 p. m.

St. Francis' Church.

Location, cor. Vallejo and Montgomery Ave. Rev. J. Conlan, Pastor. Sunday Masses—7, 8:45, 9:30 and 11 a. m. (The mass at 9:30 being the Children's Mass. Vespers, Sermon and Benediction Sunday evening 7:30 p. m. Daily Mass—7:30 a. m.

St. James' Church.

Location, Twenty-third and Guerrero streets. Rev. P. Lynch, Rector. Order of Masses—6:30, 7:30, 9 and 10:30 a. m. Sundays; 7 a. m. daily. Children's Mass, 9 o'clock Sundays. Vespers and Benediction, 7:30 p. m.

Sts. Pietro e Paolo Church.

Location, Filbert and Dupont streets. Rev. Raphael de Carolis, Pastor. Masses on Sundays at 7, 9, 10:30 a. m.

All Hallows' Church.

Location, e. s. Susquehanna street, near Railroad avenue, South San Francisco. Rev. P. Foley, Pastor.

Masses on Sundays at 7:30 and 10 a. m., and on week days at 7:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m.

St. Charles Borromeo's Church.

Location, n. w. cor. Shotwell and 18th streets. Rev. P. J. Cummins, Pastor.

Masses on Sundays at 6:30, 7:30, 9 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School after 9 o'clock Mass.

Sacred Heart Church.

Location, e. s. Fillmore street, bet. Fell and Oak. Rev. Jas. Flood, Pastor. Residence, 550 Fillmore street.

Sunday Services and Holydays—Masses at 7, 8, 9, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m. Mass on week days at 7 a. m.

Mission Dolores Church.

Location, Sixteenth and Dolores streets. Rev. R. P. Brennan, Rector. Pastoral residence, w. s. 16th near Dolores street. Masses on Sundays and Holydays at 6, 8, 9 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m.

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